1: Jenness--19 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 484

"Eskimos travelling inland in the Coppermine river country have as their principal object the securing of wood. Secondary objects are the trade with Indians or white men at or near Great Bear lake, the securing of copper, and the hunting of caribou for the fall clothing skins. Hunting and fishing to supply daily wants are at all times of first importance."

1: Jenness--49
116, 484

(1913-16) 1922

Copper Eskimo

"Natives from Dolphin and Union strait and from the west side of Coronation gulf seldom travel beyond Bathurst inlet. My Eskimo Ikpakhuak, whose home was in Puivlik, had never been farther east than Cape Barrow, though he knew of the Netsilingmuit, a ferocious people who stabbed strangers in the arms and head and killed them. He had even heard of the Aivilingmiut, who dwell somewhere beyond the Netsilingmiut, but more than this he did not know. The natives at the east end of Coronation gulf, on the other hand, have met some of the Netsilingmiut at an inland named Putulik, which was said to be one of a cluster of five small islands a short distance beyond Kent peninsula; the others were named Tigaktok, Anaktok, Kingmiktok and Nallok, the last two perhaps being different names for the same island. Not far from them is a much larger island named Nugluktarvik, which may possibly be Melbourne island. These places apparently are all in Asiak, and the natives from either side travel there to meet one another."

"Ilatsiak, who had thrice visited the Akilinnik region, had also been three times to Netsilik, or at least had visited those people three times. Many white men, he said, men without chins on their faces, (1) go to that country in ships and the Netsilingmiut barter with them for knives. Somewhere in that direction also, he believed, were a people with long claws on their hands with which they tear strangers to pieces.

The father of Kingollik, a Bathurst inlet native still living, once made a trip to the country of Netsilik, and his sister married a Netsilik man. Other Bathurst inlet natives had also visited that country, and have met natives there from other groups, Aivilingmiut (Repulse bay natives?), Mallorektomiut who live behind them (tungani, i.e. north?), and Ukkusiksalingmiut (Wager bay inland to the mouth of Backs river). One man who is still living, the father of a young Tree river native, married a woman of Asiak and made a journey to the country of the Aivilingmiut. The Netsilingmiut, these Coronation gulf natives say, have a very peculiar manner of welcoming strangers; they give them a buffet on the head or shoulder with their fists. Their mittens deaden the force of the

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"1. See Stefansson, Anthrop. Papers, A.M.N.H., Vol. XIV, pt.I, p. 302; My Life with the Eskimos, p.179."

blow to some extent; nevertheless it is no mere tap, for in one case at least a visitor was 'killed for a time' (i. e., stunned) by a buffet behind the ear.(2) The country of Netsilik is almost devoid of driftwood, consequently its people are eager for sleds and other objects of wood which the western natives possess, though the Netsilingmiut also purchase stone lamps and pots. In exchange they give the Copper natives articles of iron, such as knives and harpoon heads. A few of the Netsilingmiut had guns from white men, but not knowing how to use them, they broke them up, the western natives say, for the sake of the iron. (3) One Eskimo in Coronation gulf had heard of white men who visited the shores of Netsilik and Ukkusiksalik one summer in two ships, but left again before the sea froze over; one of the ships had four masts, the other only two. He had heard too that a Bathurst inlet native who had migrated to Netsilik after

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"2. Cf. Boas, Central Eskimo, p. 609."

"3. A Puivlik native informed me that the Kanghiryuarmiut obtained some guns from McClure's ship, the Investigator, but as they did not know how to use them they broke them up. They had not seen any of the white men who abandoned this ship in Mercy bay."

the death of his parents had finally boarded a ship of the white men and sailed away with them. Evidently this is a reference to the Eskimo named 'Manni,' whom Amundsen took west with him when he left the Netsilik country. (4)"

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"4. Amundsen, Vol. II, p.114."

1: Jenness--116 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 221, 484

"A migration of a whole community is a wonderful sight. In the autumn, when the Eskimos are moving out to their sealing-grounds, they have to start with their sleds before daylight in order to reach their destinations before dark. Time is everything at that season of the year, and often half the journey is made in twilight. In spring, on the other hand, there is no need for haste, for the air is mild and pleasant, and the daylight as long as the darkness has been in the winter. No definite hour is set for the migration, no definite day even, for in a land where the only calendars are the seasons one day is no better than the next. The natives are not accustomed therefore to plan all their movements beforehand, and to carry them out with the exactitude of clockwork. Conversation usually simmers on the subject for several days before a migration takes place, and nothing is decided; then one evening a man will suddenly announce to his wife that he intends to move next day. The rumor quickly spreads from house to house, and others announce their intention of accompanying him. Next morning everyone is on the alert. Someone enters a hut and announces that so-and-so is packing up. Everyone begins to do the same, and soon the settlement is a hive of industry. Breakfast is finished quickly, or even forgotten in the excitement. The man goes out, takes down his sled from its stand, and trims the mud runners with his knife; his wife, in the meantime, crushes some snow in the pot so that when he re-enters there will be water all ready to pour over the mud. He carries it out, fills his mouth with it, streams it along

the runners, and before it freezes quickly rubs it over with a pad of polar bear skin so as to leave a perfectly smooth coating of ice. (1) Finally the sled is ready; he turns it right side up, and lays on the bottom all the heavy bales that have been resting on the house wall. Then he cuts a great hole in the side of the house, or takes out the ice window behind the lamp, and calls to the inmates to pass out the things."

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"1. Polar bear skin is preferred to any other kind because water does not adhere to the fur."

1: Jenness--116-119 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 484

"All this time the wife has been busily packing indoors. Odd garments, sewing material, knives, and other miscellaneous articles are hastily stuffed into bags. The pot is taken down and emptied, the lamp extinguished, and the blubber packed into a skin bag. Then while the children pass out the sleeping skins through the opening in the wall the woman herself scours out the lamp with her forefinger, carefully lashes it inside a sealskin, and thrusts it through the doorway into the passage, since it is generally too heavy to lift up through the opening in the wall. Its usual place on the sled is near the bottom, above the willow bed-matting or on top of the bales of clothing; here too the ice window generally finds a place. The drying-rack is taken out with all its contents, and the table and its supports; the ends of the latter are often frozen into the wall, and have to be chipped out with the ice-chisel.

The husband carefully packs all these things on the sled, while his wife indoors (or outdoors, if the weather is mild) changes her old grease-stained [117] house-clothes for the clean, warm, ornamented clothing that is kept for travelling and for ceremonial occasions such as dances. Both then lash everything tightly on the sled while the children harness up the dogs. Yet even when the lashings are all firmly secured the packing is not quite finished, for there is always a multitude of shoes, socks, sticks, poles, harpoons, tins, pots, scraps of skin too precious to throw away, and odds and ends of the most extraordinary kind which must be fastened in some way or other to the

top and sides of the sled, either pushed under the lashings or tied on with threads of sinew. This after-packing, in fact, often takes longer than the first.

At last everything is finished, the yelping dogs are hitched to the sled, wife and husband hitch their harness on also, and the family is ready to start. Other sleds have already preceded them, and soon there is a long train extending over a mile perhaps, each sled, as a rule, following exactly in the trail of the one in front. Here a woman is pulling in front, with a daughter or niece at her side; behind her are the dogs, which she urges on with cries of ha ha ha. Then comes the husband, also in the yoke, steering the sled round hummocks, and heaving it over those unavoidable ones on which the sled threatens to stick. All three, husband, wife and daughter, carry walking-sticks to help them along. The man has another use for his; when his cry of hok hok hok fails to spur on one of the dogs, he seizes its trace, jerks it back till it comes within reach of his stick and smites it a stinging blow. Usually though the mere striking of their traces is sufficient to keep the dogs working. Suddenly the sled sticks. The man stoops down, lifts all the traces with one hand to make the dogs start together with a jerk, and heaves with all his might. If it still holds he knocks down the snow from the front of the runner and heaves to one side to set the sled swinging a little until finally it moves on again.

Behind this sled there is another with only one woman in front of the dogs and the husband behind, while a little boy clings to the side of the sled. On the next, father

and son are pulling side by side, while the aged wife drags herself along by holding on to the lashings. The fourth has a curious sail-like apparatus on top. Only the man is pulling, his wife trudging along at the side of the sled; the queer-looking 'sail' on top is a deerskin wrapped round the baby to protect it from the wind. So the whole train moves slowly along for two or three miles; then the front sled stops, the dogs are unhitched, and one or two taken back to help some kinsman far in the rear. One after another as they come up the natives unhitch their dogs and sit or stand around to rest. A little frozen meat is divided up for lunch, and the children run to and fro, playing hide and seek, or raven, or some other game that serves to keep them warm. Several of the men and women perhaps begin a skipping competition, using a dog-trace for a [118] rope, while the older people lean against the sleds and gossip. Half an hour later the journey is resumed, but by the time they have travelled eight or ten miles everyone is tired out, and the leader begins to search out a suitable place for the new camp. He takes his snow-sounder, and prods about in the snow till he finds a spot where it is firm and deep, then draws his sled up alongside it and begins to build his hut (or, if the season is too advanced for a snow hut, he erects his tent instead). His wife and child unharness the dogs and unlash the sled, then help him in making their home. One by one the other families come up and do likewise, so that two hours later a new settlement has arisen almost identical with the one they have just abandoned.

Travelling of this kind is very hard work, especially for those who own only one or two dogs. The natives perspire freely from the labour of dragging their sleds, then when they stop to rest their bodies cool down and tend to freeze all the more quickly. Yet during a howling blizzard, when the thermometer registered -30° F. and the wind was blowing 30 miles an hour, I have seen a woman squat down in the lea of her sled, draw her baby out from under her hood and leisurely proceed to change its little garment, holding the naked infant in the meantime fully exposed to the weather. Such was the severity of the cold that day that several adults had their wrists badly frozen. Then again they often have trouble with the runners of their sleds if their course takes them over the land. In February, 1915, I accompanied a band of Coppermine river Eskimos on a migration near Locker point. Among them was the shaman Uloksak; his two wives were hauling side by side, with six dogs following them, while Uloksak himself was hauling behind. The sled was piled to its utmost capacity with all the miscellaneous articles of an Eskimo household, and the big drum, with its membrane removed, was hanging from a pole at one side. Trailing behind was a smaller sled that was also piled high with bags. (Wealth is not always a blessing, even among the Eskimos; it doubles the labour on the trail.) We were crossing the neck of land behind Cape Krusenstern and stones along the portage scraped some of the ice from the runners of his sled, causing it to drag so heavily that he was compelled to stop and re-ice them. With

a few shavings and some blubber he kindled a small fire and melted some snow in the cooking pot; then he took a box from his sled and propped up one runner. The younger wife filled her mouth with the water and poured it over the bearskin mitten her husband was holding in [119] his hand, and while he rubbed it along the runner she filled her mouth again for the next application. Fully half an hour passed before their sled was ready to proceed again. (1)

As a rule Eskimos can travel but one or two days at a time, when they must stop and hunt seals, which are too heavy for more than one or two to be carried on the sled with the rest of the property. Nor do the natives travel very far in one day unless their sleds are light, for not only must they drag them themselves, but before it grows dark they must find a suitable camping-site and begin the construction of their snow huts. On the other hand, they have no cumbersome tent to carry, with its poles and ropes, at least not in winter. When spring does finally come and a tent must be carried, the weather is mild and the daylight long, so that there is no need for haste; at this period

"1. A quick way of re-icing the runners in the fall when travelling down a river bed is to dig a hole down to the water with the ice-chisel (a matter of perhaps five minutes when the river is frozen to a depth of only about two feet), pour some water over the surface of the ice, and run the sled through it before it freezes. The usual method, however, produces a more even surface."

therefore a native with a light sled will often travel as many as thirty miles in a day. For convenience of transport the covering of the tent is usually rolled up in two bundles, which are joined together again before the poles are set up."

1: Jenness--119 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 484, 361

"Abandoned camps are often reoccupied a few weeks later, generally by the same inhabitants returning from a visit to neighbouring tribes; a stranger, though he occupies the same site, will usually build a new hut for himself. Often, although the settlement is abandoned, there are clear signs that the inhabitants intend to return before very long. The ice windows are left in place, the door-ways are blocked with snow, and tent poles and other gear still remain planted in the walls. Looking through the windows two or three large bags may be seen inside filled with meat and blubber. One native made a cache of three sealskin bags, two containing blubber and one seal meat, in a square hole in an ice keg near the hut he was abandoning. He covered the bags with three sealskins, and closed the hole with blocks of ice. Three weeks later he came back and recovered his property."

2: Stefansson--34 (1908-12) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 484

"That the travels of the Akuliakattagmiut and Haneragmiut to the east have not been very extensive is shown best by the fact that they had no idea of Victoria Island being an island. We found no one who knew that important fact until April, 1911, when we visited a village occupied chiefly by Nagyuktogmiut and Utkusiksaligmiut off the mouth of Tree River. Several men there knew that Victoria Island had an east coast also and was an island; in fact, they had heard so from their fathers."

2: Stefansson--34 (1908-1912) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 166, 484

"East beyond Tree River the knowledge of the Akuliakattagmiut is exceedingly vague, although they had heard of Umingmuktok (on Kent Peninsula). Like every other tribe, they knew of the Akilinik River. In fact, it seems that the Akilinik River is perhaps the most widely known locality of all places familiar to the Eskimo. In the Mackenzie district there are many tales of the Akilinik and so there are said to be in Greenland. Of course, it is not susceptible of absolute proof that the Akilinik of the stories can be invariably translated to mean the Akilinik River that flows into Chesterfield Inlet, for in the Mackenzie District and probably in Greenland, the people have no idea in which direction from them the Akilinik lies, but seeing that the district of the Akilinik draws to it today visitors from a thousand miles west and from great distances in all other directions, it seems that it may always have been as it is now, the greatest gathering center from a geographic point of view of the whole Eskimo race."

2: Stefansson--35 (1908-1912) 1914 Copper Eskimo
101, 116, 484

"We know that the people of the vicinity of the Coppermine often follow it in summer south beyond Kendall River, but then they generally come over to the west into the district between Dismal Lake and Bear Lake. We understood that when the people of Bathurst Inlet come to Great Bear Lake, they go well towards the head of the Inlet and then strike approximately straight west for the east end of Great Bear Lake. One group whom we met the summer of 1910 told us that they had come this route. How far south they sometimes go from the head of Bathurst Inlet we do not know, although the chances are that it will be a considerable distance (1).

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"1. None of the Eskimo who habitually hunt to Bear Lake on McTavish Bay know that the Dease River flows into the same lake. In fact, they told us definitely that McTavish Bay was a large lake 'like the sea' whose name was Imaryuak; while Dease River, for which they have no name, flowed into a small lake which likewise has no name. As a matter of fact, what they consider two lakes are, of course, but two bays of Bear Lake."

2: Stefansson--37 (1908-12) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 484, 177

"It is natural that the Haneragmiut, on account of their extensive travels, are better informed of distant places than are any of the other tribes. It is not only that they have seen more places themselves, but by extensive travels and much association with strangers they have acquired a perspective and broadmindedness lacking in other districts. I secured from them accordingly, chiefly from the man Hitkoak mentioned above, a good deal of geographic information about distant places to the east and northeast most of which is more conveniently embodied in a map than in a set discussion.

Hitkoak's information seemed fairly definite and correct as far east as King William Island. He told me that there lived the Netjiligmiut. He had heard that they were just ordinary Eskimo although they had many disagreeable and cruel customs, but next east of them lived other people who differed from ordinary human beings in having no chins; in other words, their necks come straight down from the face to the breast. Beyond these he said lived the Kablunat of whom he had heard many strange stories. These he admitted were not, however, borne out at all by his own experience with Hanbury whom he had found very different from the traditional description of the white men who lived east of King William Island. It was also true he said, that the old men who visited Collinson on his ship had found him and his men to be very similar to Hanbury and not very different from Eskimo in general."

2: Stefansson--78 (1908-1912) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 484, 221

"In winter there is little long distance travel by large parties, the individuals and groups of two or three families often make long journeys for trading purposes, to pay visits, or to return to their own people after summer wanderings to distant hunting grounds. Such travel as there is, is by sled exclusively."

2: Stefansson--80-81 (1908-1912) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 221, 484

"When bound for the caribou hunting grounds and fisheries in the spring most families start inland by sleigh, though some are delayed on the coast by [81] this or that circumstance till the thaws have made sledding impossible. Those usually spend the summer not far inland, though we have seen within ten miles of Bear Lake men who had packed their camps on their backs from the mouth of Rae River or Coronation Gulf. A large kill of caribou near the coast may delay any party till the thaw overtakes them, but commonly they penetrate seventy-five or one hundred miles inland before the disappearance of snow (about the first week in June for the Coppermine district) compels the abandoning of sleds."

2: Stefansson--81 (1908-1912) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 484, 502

"On a windy day the long kayaks though they weigh not over forty pounds are very awkward to carry, and camp-moving is often delayed by a gale. When traveling a man will usually not take the trouble to launch his kayak on a lake less than two or three miles long. When a sufficiently long lake is found the kayak is put in the water, the rest of the man's back-load is stuffed into the after end of it, and the man paddles quickly across. But the speed and ease are not all pure gain, for the wetting has increased the carrying weight of the boat and it has taken time to unpack and repack the load. When there are two kayaks they are lashed together side by side with cross sticks to form a sort of raft capable of carrying a heavy load. In that case the women who have to walk around the lake, are relieved of a part of their load. This makes travel easier and pleasanter for all, and routes abounding in lakes are therefore chosen when possible. Those lakes will later on too, furnish good sled routes when the party returns to the coast in the fall along its line of caches."

6: Roberts and Jenness --13 (1914-1916) 1925 Copper Eskimo
619, 174, 484

"Ten or twelve songs--No. 1 is the best example--are in the nature of travelogues, describing journeys that their composers have made either for trade or to visit friends in other communities. Nos. 2 and 14 are of special interest because they confirm the information derived from other sources, that in the west the Copper Eskimos came into contact with the Cape Bathurst Eskimos of the Mackenzie river delta, obtaining from them knives and wood and ivory, while to the eastward they were acquainted with the Netchilik and Aivilik tribes around the bases of Melville and Boothia peninsulas, the Qairniq Eskimos of the west coast of Hudson bay, and other tribes still more remote."

11: Stefansson--215-216 (1908-1912) 1913 Copper Eskimo
116, 619, 484

"This fording of the lake took place on the last day of July, and the 1st of August, a little east of the middle of Dismal Lake, we came upon a camp of those particular families of the Rae River Eskimo whom we had met in May. In their company we moved south to the headwaters of the Dease River, where the caribou hunting-camps of the Eskimo are scattered on every other hill. This is one of the most cosmopolitan communities of Eskimo in America, for they come here from great distances to secure wood for sled-making and for the wooden portions of their weapons. There were two or three families from Dolphin and Union Straits as far west as Cape Bexley; there were several families from Victoria Island, and two or three from the east coast of Bathurst Inlet. The gathering there [216] represented people from a territory five hundred miles in length from east to west, and two hundred or more miles wide from north to south. Some of the camps were pitched within a few miles of the shore of Bear Lake, and the oldest men there told us a rather surprising thing: that from their infancy they and their country-men had every year been in the habit of hunting down to the northeast shore of Bear Lake. This is extraordinary in view of the fact that Bear Lake has been a sort of Mecca for the explorers of the North for a hundred years, and the Hudson's Bay Company has had a station at Fort Norman for a century; and yet neither these explorers nor the Hudson's Bay Company, nor even yet the Bear Lake Indians, realized that a large body of Eskimo hunted on the shores of the lake every

year. True, every few years frightened Slavey or Dogrib Indians would come to the Hudson's Bay Company's post with stories of having found traces of the dreaded Eskimo, but it was believed that these were but small wandering bands who had come a great way from their country, which was vaguely supposed to be at a vast distance to the north-east."

11: Stefansson--284-285 (1908-1912) 1913 Copper Eskimo
116, 221, 484

"One of the first things I did at the village of the Prince Albert Sound people was to inquire about their knowledge of white men. This group is not only the most prosperous as well as the most numerous of all the Copper Eskimo, but they are also remarkable for the extent of their seasonal migrations and for their consequently greater amount of information in regard to their own country and other countries and their general broad-mindedness. With them as with us, extensive travels have had their important effect upon the mental outlook and the character of the people. I found therefore that they were familiar not only with the presence of the exploring vessels to the west of their country during the time of the Franklin Search, and with the location of the Bay of Mercy and the abandonment of M'Clure's ship there, but they also knew about King William Island far to the east, and about the frequent visits of white men to it, and they even had information about the distant island of North Devon, as we could tell not only by the geographic description they gave of the country, but also by their reporting correctly the name of the people who inhabit it, the Tununirohirmiut, which is also the name recorded by Dr. Franz Boas and others from information athered in Baffin Land and else where in the east.

But most remarkable of all was the variety of countries they had seen with their own eyes. During the middle of winter they occupy the southeastern coast of Banks Island from De Salis Bay to Nelson Head, and it has always been so in the past so far as they

know. About March each year they start east, and towards the middle of May, as we could tell from our present experience, they get to the eastern end of Prince Albert Sound. On the Sound they split into various parties. A few go to the north to hunt, between the Sound and Minto Inlet; in some years a few go south to meet the Eskimo of Point Williams, halfway between the Sound and Dolphin and Union Straits. A considerable number go southeast to meet the people of Simpson Bay (the Puiplirgmiut), and a considerable number also go northeast from the northeast corner of the Sound about forty [285] miles to hunt caribou and to get, from the copper outcrops there, materials for the making of implements for their own use and for sale to other tribes. The largest body of all goes east, as we have already said, to meet the people of Albert Edward Bay (the Ekalluktogmiut) near the center of Victoria Island. But most years two or three sleds will detach themselves from the main body in Prince Albert Sound, hurry east ahead of the others up the Kagloryuak River and down the Ekalluktok River to Albert Edward Bay, and thence south across the Straits to the Ahiagmiut, who inhabit the coast in the neighborhood of Ogden Bay, where they abandon their sleds, for summer has overtaken them, and proceed south with pack-dogs, the people themselves also carrying packs, until they reach the shores of Back River, where the Back River people, known to them as the Haningayogmiut, make rafts of their kayaks and ferry them to the south shore of the stream. Resuming their overland travel, they eventually reach Hanbury's Arkilinik River in its wooded section, probably early in August.

The chief object of this journey has been to get wood and wooden articles of all kinds, which they obtain partly by cutting the trees and shaping the wood to their own desires, and partly by barter in exchange for copper implements and such things from the Eskimo of the Arkilinik, whom they call the Pallirgmiut."

11: Stefansson--288-289 (1908-1912) 1913 Copper Eskimo
116, 484, 221

"Range of the Kanghirgyuargmiut. In summer some of them (a few) hunt towards Minto Inlet; some hunt southeast and meet the Puiblirgmiut; most, however, hunt east and meet the Ekallugtogmuit and Ashiagmiut who live 'on the east coast of our country, which is not far from here overland, and good sledding because we go by the rivers.' Some join the Ekallugtogmuit for a time and with them visit the Arkilnik [near Baker Lake above the head of Chesterfield Inlet] 'where there are trees, and where the people have guns and white men's clothes.' (Have seen many metal articles, one shirt, one red knit woollen hood, etc., brought from these trips.) They [289] never met the Nagyuktogmiut. One man at least--Hitkoak----has been both to the Akilnik and to Umingmuktok.

In the fall they [the Kanghirgyuargmiut] come to Prince Albert Sound and proceed to Banks Island where in winter they live chiefly on bears (some entirely; others partly on seals) off Nelson Head and east of it. When beat hunting they often see Cape Parry [on the mainland to the south]. Nelson Head can be seen from Parry only from the hill tops, and that rarely, and it is much higher than Parry, so they must hunt almost to the middle of the strait.

They usually have houses on or by the shore when in Banks Island. They often see caribou but 'do not know how to hunt them in winter.' They know there are musk-oxen inland but they do not go after them. In spring they return to the Sound and soon scatter to the various hunting places. Those going to the Ekallugtogmiut are already on the way

(intended starting the day after we came to the village and delayed for us). Those going north towards [illegible]into do not leave the sea till 'the snow gets soft on the ice.'"

11: Stefansson--293 (1908-1912) 1913 Copper Eskimo
116, 484

"General [Comment]. The Sound people are evidently the most prosperous Eskimo we have seen; they are the most 'traveled' and the best informed about their own country (Victoria Island) and its surroundings. While they have been to the Bay of Mercy on north Banks Island and west beyond Nelson Head on south Banks Island they do no seem any of them to have been across the [Dolphin and Union] straits to the Akuliakattak summer hunting grounds [near Cape Bexley on the mainland], or to the sea anywhere on south Victoria Island except among the Haneragmiut and Puiblirmiut. Those who have been to a little west of Uminmuktok have come from the east to it as visitors of the Ahiagmiut in most cases (Hanbury's Arctic Coast Huskies?). Hitkoak, about the most travelled of any, has been at the Bay of Mercy, well west of Nelson Head, to Uminmuktok and into Bathurst Inlet, and to the Arkilinik [near Chesterfield Inlet]."

28: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1946
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8



# CHAPTER I

## MATERIAL RESOURCES

Few people have been called upon to sustain life and perpetuate their race on such meagre resources as the Copper Eskimo. Even if they had been acquainted with agriculture the climate debarred it, just as it debarred the growth of trees except in two or three sheltered valleys along the southern fringe of their territory. It restricted not only the flora but the fauna, leaving the natives dependent for their food and for much of their equipment on one land animal, the seasonally migrating caribou, and two sea mammals, the foetid and the bearded seals, supplemented by such fish as they could capture in rivers, lakes, and bays. Ignorant of all metals except their native copper, which seemed to them only a malleable stone, and cut off from contact with any but neighbouring tribes, little or no more advanced than themselves, they had to build up their lives on the scanty resources provided by their own narrow environment, and rely on their own ingenuity to supply all their needs.

The resources provided by their environment fall naturally into four groups:

Wood
Stone (including native copper and other minerals)
Bone, antler, horn, ivory
Hides and sinew.

### WOOD

The Copper Eskimo obtained their wood from two sources. First, there was the driftwood, mainly spruce and cottonwood, carried to the ocean by Mackenzie River far to the westward and borne by the winds and currents to Dolphin and Union Strait and western bays of Victoria Island. Then in the valleys of three rivers that flowed into Coronation Gulf, Coppermine, Napaktauktauk, and Tree, there stood scattered groves of spruce, small and stunted, a few miles from the coast, but larger as one proceeded south. Far to the southeast, too, near Thelon River, were other stands of spruce that the Eskimo from Bathurst Inlet and from the eastern shores of Victoria Island occasionally visited in their wanderings. Thus the Copper Eskimo had abundant wood to satisfy all their needs; but as driftwood was very scarce in many districts, and the standing timber on the southern fringe of their territory could be reached only after a long journey overland, which many natives were disinclined to make, manufactured objects of wood were among the commonest articles of trade and passed freely from one end of the territory to the other. Moreover, so crude were the Eskimo tools, and so great the labour of cutting down the trees and hewing the timber into shape, that any object of moderate size, such as a sled-runner, a table, or even a tent-pole, commanded a high price.[1]

The principal tools used in working wood were the adze and the whittling knife (*See* pp. 100 and 103). Bone or antler wedges, generally made for each occasion and immediately discarded, served to split small logs and planks; they were driven home with boulders. Lacking saws, the Eskimo shortened a plank in one or other of three ways: they hacked it with the adze; gouged it across with the grooving tool (*See* p. 100); or they drilled a line of holes across it with the bow drill.

[1] Cf. Stefansson, V.: The Stefansson-Anderson Arctic Expedition: Anth. Papers, Amer. Mus. of Nat. Hist., vol. XIV, pt. I, pp. 33, 43 ff et al., New York, 1914.

a large hole where these protruded through and two small holes that marked the eye sockets. The ears he usually cut off at the roots, and pulled them out of the skin with his teeth at his leisure; but in certain circumstances, when it was forbidden to use a knife, he pulled free the outer integument on the spot.

In the late spring, when the caribou was putting on a new coat, the winter hair remained longest on the throat and belly. As this part was useless for clothing, the hair being prone to shed, the Eskimo frequently preserved only the part on which the new coat had already formed and threw the rest of the skin away. In such cases the preliminary incisions for removing the skin followed the outlines of the short hair. Often, however, the native anticipated the natural shedding of the winter hair by pulling it out with his thumb and fingers, leaving the new coat very short and spotted with white hairs, but in this condition highly prized. Later in the season, when the belly of the animal was covered with short white hair, invaluable for trimming, he made a cut along each flank and removed that part of the skin before detaching the remainder.

Blood stains were extracted by rubbing or stamping the skin in hard snow, which acted like damp blotting paper; or by steeping it in cold water and squeezing the hair. The Copper Eskimo woman was very careful not to allow a green skin to dry before scraping away with her curved knife the fat that still adhered to it; and as these scrapings were pure fat, she generally ate them at once, or put them aside for future consumption. Then she stretched the skin out to dry by pegging it to the ground with sticks or weighting down the edges with stones; the white belly skin and the large short-haired skins intended for bedding she always pegged down in order to stretch them as much as possible. When travelling across country day after day in the short Arctic summer, the skin was laid over the back of the pack or across a long pole; and at every halt it was stretched out afresh on the ground to hasten the drying, because a green skin weighed twice as much as a dry one. Once the skin was dry it could be laid aside and not touched again until needed. Then the owner sewed up the rents and scraped the whole underside with the copper- (now iron-) bladed scraper (*See* p. 84). The woman (or man, for the men often scraped skins while the women sewed them) sat back on the sleeping platform, or on the ground outside the tent, and stretched out the skin in front of her. Holding it tightly pinioned at the bottom between her crossed legs, she pulled it taut above the knee with her left hand and scraped rapidly downwards away from her with the right. A sudden relaxation of the leg, and a quick jerk, found her scraping in a new place. To the onlooker her body seemed strained and her attitude very uncomfortable, but long practice greatly reduced the fatigue, though the labour really was hard. Indeed I have seen the perspiration rolling down a woman's face as she scraped a skin outdoors when the temperature was below zero Fahrenheit.

The Copper Eskimo woman often ate the scrapings that came away during this operation, although they contained very little fat. To soften the skin still further she rubbed tepid water over its under surface, folded it up, and laid it on one side for a few hours. Then she scraped it again, this time with an instrument made from the shoulder blade of a musk-ox, which merely stretched and softened the skin without removing anything from its surface (*See* p. 83).

The stretching and softening of the skin was usually the last process it underwent before it was made up into clothing. If, however, the woman desired the skin without fur, as for making the upper legs of her long boots, she scraped the hair from the dry skin with her curved knife. Copper Eskimo clothing was often decorated with red, black, or white bands; the white was the natural colour of the skin; the red was produced by rubbing with litharge; and the black parts were either untanned sealskin, or else seal or caribou skin stained with galena. Ordinary dirt stains on white deerskin could be removed with dry snow.

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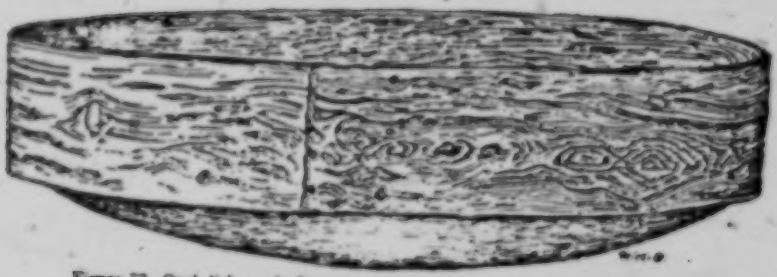

Figure 72. Oval dish, made from two pieces of wood. IV.D.620. Approx. 1/4.

Figure 73. Dish hollowed from one piece of wood. IV.D.626. 1/4.

WATER BUCKETS

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281 The bucket for carrying water (Figure 74) was made from tanned sealskin, and fitted with a strap handle of the same material. Its usual capacity was slightly over a gallon. The vessel lasted much longer than might have been expected, because holes and small rents could be quickly patched without impairing its tightness. As with our canvas buckets, ice that formed on the inside was broken loose by hammering on the outside with a stick.

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[171 When travelling in winter, a few Eskimos carried on the back, under the clothing, a cylindrical water bottle (Figure 75) made from the gullet of a seal. The stopper was a wooden plug lashed inside the mouth of the bottle. Similar "thermos" bottles were known in the eastern Arctic also.

Figure 74. Water bucket, of sealskin. IV.D.618. 1/4.

MEAT FORKS

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321 Meat forks, used for testing and removing the meat from the pot, but not for eating, were made of bone or musk-ox horn, more rarely of antler. Most were slender, tapering pencils, slightly curved, ranging in length from about 7

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[p. 42-F]

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We distributed our loads in the proportion of a hundred pounds for each dog. Photo by F. Johnson.

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[P 42-G].

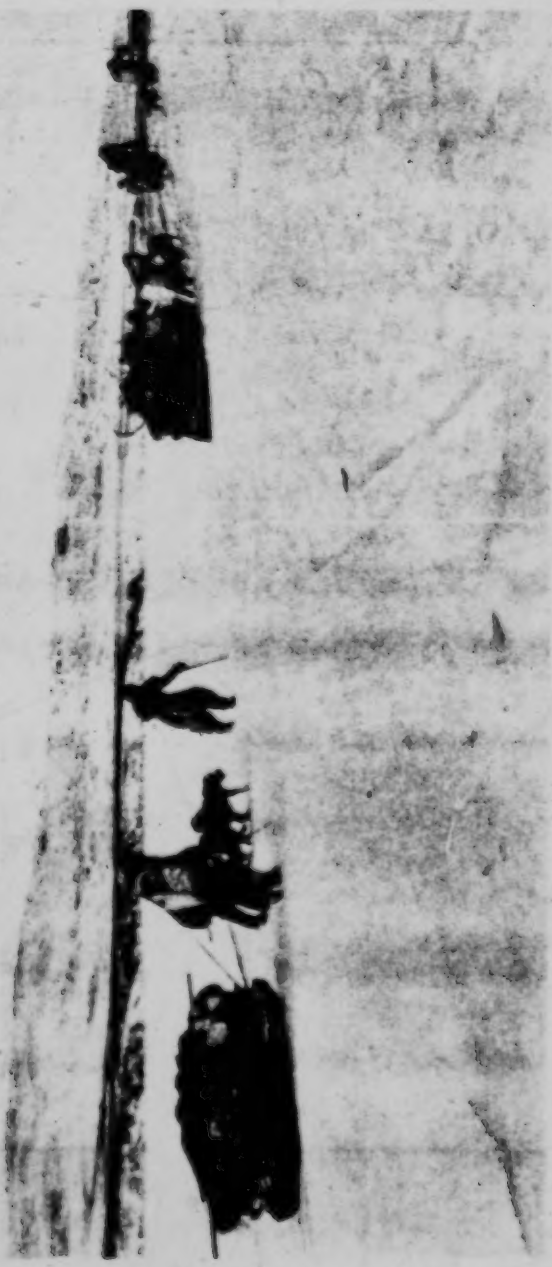

Photo by J. J. O'Neill.

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Wives and daughters pulled in front of the dogs.

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transport all his property even with two wives and six dogs.

The natives travelled sixteen miles before they unhitched their teams and built new snow-houses for the night. The men went sealing the next morning, for at this season of the year they rarely had food for more than three days, and could travel long distances only in stages. Elated with the number of seals they captured they moved on the following morning, although the temperature was —29° F., and a howling north-west gale lashed their faces with hard snow. Johansen and I put on masks to protect our cheeks and noses, but discarded them before noon when the thick layer of frost that formed on their inside began to cling to our chins. Many of the Eskimos had their cheeks frozen, still more their wrists, for their short travelling mittens left an uncovered space between the hands and the coat-sleeves. Yet in the height of the storm a woman crouched down in the lee of her sled, withdrew a tiny baby from under her jacket and leisurely changed its sole garment, a diaper of caribou fur. The baby suffered no harm, apparently; but children were not always so fortunate, and the infant mortality was terribly high.

We had no intention of letting this horde of more than a hundred natives break in upon the tranquillity of Bernard Harbour without due warning. Our dogs

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that encircled his tent. My dogs made friends with his dogs, and shared the same home in the passageway. Jennie, my eleven-year-old "sister," took charge of them during migrations while I hauled on the big sled with Ikpuck. The other families in the band considered me a guest of distinction and welcomed me into their homes. So little by little civilization slipped from me and I settled down to the routine of Eskimo life.

Ikpuck asked me one morning to accompany him westward to bring back some caribou fat he had cached on the coast the previous summer. I understood that the whole trip would occupy only two or three days; but, to avoid all risks, I put together provisions for four. We started out the same morning, Ikpuck running ahead of the sled to give the course. By evening we had travelled over twenty-five miles, and were still as far out from shore as when we started. I discovered then the actual length of the journey; it would take two or three days merely to reach the cache, and at least the same number to return.

We covered about thirty miles the next day and camped behind Cape Kendall, on Victoria Island. Ikpuck remarked as we turned into our sleeping-bags that we should reach the cache in the morning, and return to our camp at night. After tossing restlessly in bed for several hours from the pain of snow-blindness—for travelling through broken ice causes a heavy

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• 484 strain on the eyes, particularly when the weather is foggy—I fell at last into a sound sleep and did not awaken until 7 o'clock in the morning. Ikpuck had disappeared, even the dogs and sled were gone. I was alone in an empty snow-hut, without food and crippled with snow-blindness, eighty miles from Bernard Harbour. The thought flashed through my mind that Ikpuck had deliberately abandoned me to gain possession of my outfit, and, stumbling outside, I followed his tracks for a few yards; but they led to the westward, in the direction, not of his settlement, but of the cache. I entered the house again, and, looking around, saw in a corner some rice that had been left over from our supper, and a piece of frozen seal meat that Ikpuck had brought in from the sled before he departed. Then I felt ashamed of my suspicions. The faithful old man had left me to sleep while he went on alone to his cache; and he would join me again within a few hours.

I lay all day in my sleeping-bag, shielding my eyes from the light; and the inflammation abated so rapidly with the darkness and rest that I could probably travel the next day without much discomfort. Ikpuck appeared late in the evening, his sled loaded up to the handle-bars with caribou fat. A broad smile lit up his face as he spoke of the trick he had played me. "You were tired last night," he said, "and your eyes were bloodshot and painful. I should have returned much

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earlier, but the dogs were troublesome and the load heavier than I anticipated."

I questioned him about his route, for the two maps on which I relied, that of Rae, the Arctic explorer, and the chart of the British Admiralty, disagreed concerning this part of the coast. The chart had a deep inlet behind Cape Kendall which did not appear on Rae's map, while Rae (who named the cape Point Pullen) showed an island to the westward that was missing on the chart. Ikpuck's explanation, and my own observations later in the summer, revealed a land-locked bay that nearly severed Cape Kendall from the mainland; in portaging across the isthmus instead of following the coast, Ikpuck had shortened his journey by several miles. West of the point a long sandbar stretched out toward a high, rocky islet that harboured the remains of an ancient settlement. Both maps, then, were right; the full truth lay in combining them.

Our load of caribou fat was indeed heavy, for it had been lying in a cache eight months. It weighted not only the sled, but the surrounding atmosphere. I kept to windward of it, or well in front of the dogs, but distance seemed to make no appreciable difference. Ikpuck, on the contrary, sniffed the air with satisfaction, and nibbled small pieces of the fat as we marched along. When the provisions we had brought gave out that evening it furnished him both breakfast and supper.

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supper. Only thirst distressed him, for we had exhausted the oil in our primus lamp and had no means of melting ice or snow. Fortunately, thirty-six hours later, we came upon a settlement of four snow-huts occupied by some Eskimos who were migrating to the mainland, and were able to slake our thirst from their cooking-pots. These natives, too, seemed to regard our caribou fat as an unusual luxury; but I myself derived more enjoyment from the juicy meat of a freshly killed seal.

The distance from this settlement to our own was only about fifteen miles, which we expected to cover easily in one day; but a heavy fall of snow at night obliterated all the trails, and the dense fog that succeeded hid from view everything beyond the leading dog. We wandered from early morning until late in the evening vainly searching for the tents, and at last, giving up all hope, built a small snow-hut and turned into our sleeping-bags. I filled a cup with snow to thaw out against my body, and realized, as never before, how much heat is required to melt a little snow, and how much snow to yield one teaspoonful of water.

The fog dispersed before morning, and we discovered the settlement a mile and a half to our left. An hour later Icehouse was distributing the caribou fat among the enthusiastic villagers, while Ikpuck and I, resting on the sleeping-platform, regaled ourselves

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with seal meat and hot tea. So ended our little journey, which began as a pleasant excursion, but developed, for me at least, into a rather toilsome march. Ikpuck was more accustomed to such vicissitudes, and thought the incident hardly worth mentioning.

We lingered a fortnight longer on the sea-ice, revelling in the mild weather of the Arctic spring. Day and night were hardly distinguishable, for the end of April saw the midnight sun. It mattered little whether we retired to our sleeping-bags at midnight or at noon; the night hours were preferable for travelling, because by 7 P.M. the melting slush of noon began to freeze again and the heavily laden sleds glided along more easily. When the days were warm and sunny a few seals emerged from their holes to bask on the surface of the ice, and in clear weather one or two herds of caribou marched steadily past us toward Victoria Island.

Slowly we too moved northward, travelling about twelve miles at a time, then halting for a week to allow the hunters to capture a few more seals, and their wives to accumulate more blubber. During one of these journeys my companions discovered a seal-hole covered as usual by the crust of snow. I thought it was nothing but the ordinary breathing-hole, about a foot in diameter, leading down to the water, and was lingering beside my sled, when Ikpuck called me over to examine it. Burrowed out in the snow alongside the

## LENGTHENING DAYS

The Eskimos, who were greatly amused at my ignorance of everything pertaining to sealing, now scored another laugh at my expense. As we gazed down into the seal-hole one of them asked me whether I intended to drink from it. The joke seemed so obvious that I answered rather casually, "No. I do not care to drink salt sea-water." But the men around me smiled, and my questioner, kneeling down, scooped up a handful of slush ice that was floating on the surface, let it drain through his fingers for a moment, and swallowed it with gusto. Still doubting, I tested the ice myself; it was perfectly fresh, being simply the pure snow above converted into slush when it fell into the water.

The only hardship we suffered on these journeys was thirst, caused by the want of liquids in our diet. We breakfasted on cold boiled seal meat left over from our supper, dragged the heavy sleds from ten to fifteen miles, and re-erected the cumbersome tents at the conclusion of the march; then, when the day's work was ended, we sat down to our second meal, and received from the cooking-pot another ration of seal meat. No fruit, no vegetables; morning and night nothing but seal meat washed down with ice-cold water or hot broth. The pot of tea I made as soon as the tents were erected gave little relief to so many parched throats. One man drank two large cups of soup, two of tea, and nine of ice-cold water, all within the space

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of three hours. At times I myself almost rivalled his feat without either quenching my thirst or feeling that it was in any way abnormal.

Early in May we camped four miles from the south coast of Victoria Island, where the hunters could continue sealing, if they wished, or intercept the caribou as they grazed on the beach before proceeding inland. Sealing was the more profitable occupation, since the caribou were lean from long travelling and their meat satisfied the hunger of neither men nor dogs. Even their hides were useless, for the larvæ of warble-flies had profusely perforated them, and the long white fur of winter was beginning to shed and give place to a shorter coat of brown. But my companions, who had lived on seal meat alone for four months, craved variety, and the sight of caribou increased the desire. We divided our party; those who had only bows and arrows continued to watch over the seal-holes, and the three who possessed rifles hunted caribou, Ikpuck with a .44 Winchester, The Runner with a .22 Remington, and myself with a Ross Sporting .280.

Our first caribou hunt gave me some useful training for the days to follow. A man who had risen earlier than the rest sighted five caribou passing our camp a mile to the eastward, and awakened Ikpuck and me. We dressed hastily, and, without waiting for breakfast, raced at top speed for the shore to cut them off as soon as they landed. Breathless with the exertion,

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low; but the hills are brown and barren, or sparsely clothed with a few creeping plants such as dryads, saxifrages, and oxytropi.

On this peninsula I planned to live six months, isolated with my little band of Eskimos. The life on the ice was ended; fishing and caribou-hunting were to be our sole pursuits. As Ikpuck's adopted son I could observe all the details of Eskimo summer life, following its variations from day to day as no traveller had done before me. It was for this purpose, indeed, that I had cut myself adrift from the rest of the expedition until the winter, when the strait would freeze over again and allow me to return to Bernard Harbour. In the back of my mind lay also another plan. Sixty miles to the northward was Prince Albert Sound, the home of an Eskimo tribe that I had not yet visited. Each summer a few of the Sound people met and traded with Eskimos from Dolphin and Union Strait somewhere in the interior of Wollaston Land, and Ikpuck, who was born in this region, promised to guide our party to their usual places of rendezvous. He arranged that we should travel first to the Lake of Dancing within the Colville Hills; later, if necessary, to the Big Lake across the divide or to Prince Albert Sound itself.

We had landed near Okowyarvik Creek, which flows into a long, narrow harbour sheltered from every gale by an island that extends across its mouth. It was the

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usual starting-point for Eskimos travelling to the Great Sound, since the hills immediately north were lower than at any other place either to east or west. Okowyarvik means "the Home of the Dryad," not the wood-nymph of that name, who could never find a home in this desolate land, but the *Dryas integrifolia*, a tiny flowering plant distantly related to our rose. The Eskimos generally paid little attention to the plants around them because they added nothing to their food supply; but the dryad, heather, and willow furnished their fuel during the summer months and in the hills heather and willow were not procurable.

We lingered a week at "Dryad Harbour," for the season was still early and the snow that covered the land would last another month. While the men were hunting caribou the women overhauled their bags of clothing, putting aside all the heavier garments not needed again till winter. To these they added the furniture of the snow-huts, the long wooden tables, the drying frames, and a few of the stone lamps. Each family made a separate pile of its possessions, and on top of each pile the men deposited their sealing weapons, useless for the life on land. I myself cached nearly all my provisions—pemmican, rice, oatmeal, hard bread, and tea sufficient to last me about a month; only a little tea and cornmeal I retained in my sled, to ease the transition from the "balanced" diet of

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them with little success. On May 23 we saw the first Lapland longspur, and three days later flesh-flies, the forerunners of clouds of mosquitoes. In a pool of water at the base of a hill lay a tiny mouse, drowned by a sudden thaw before it could escape from its burrow.

The increasing brownness of the hills made me uneasy. We could discover no trace of the northern natives, though some of them had visited the Lake of Dancing the previous summer. Icehouse, who was a medicine-woman, announced that she would enquire at midnight from her guardian spirits, and our whole party gathered inside the tent to hear the oracle. The spirit of a wolf entered into her, and even thrust its upper canines out of the corners of her mouth; but it spoke in a mystic language that no one could interpret. We thronged anxiously around it, beseeching it to explain; and at last we heard this message:

> "To Big Lake come your Great Sound kinsmen.
> Travel thither with your sleds.
> Before the snow flies turn ye back again."

The oracle was obeyed. By noon our little caravan was slowly threading its way among the hills, heading north-east toward Big Lake. Ikpuck guided the course. The shoeing of frozen mud that once covered the runners of his sled had fallen away at the Lake of Dancing, and the bare wood grated harshly over the snow. My own sled, following behind, glided along

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easily on runners of steel. The Chatterbox and his family, who came next in the line, had abandoned their sled and hitched their dogs to a polar-bear skin that carried all their possessions. Last of all came Parted-Hair's sled, in the same condition as Ikpuck's. The Listener and his wife, too old to make unnecessary journeys, remained at the lake to watch over the meat and fish we had spread out on boulders to dry in the sun.

Twelve miles from the Lake of Dancing we sighted caribou and shot a large bull. We camped beside its carcass, and the women, who had failed to bring stone lamps and blubber, trusting to cook over open fires, searched the ridge-tops for fuel. But the season was less advanced on this side of the divide and vegetation scarcer, so that they found no fuel of any kind, not even the wretched dryad. I boiled a little venison for myself on the primus lamp, but the rest dined quite cheerfully on raw meat. Their tents, too, they had left behind, but they propped up two caribou robes for shelter from the breeze and spread out their sleeping-bags under the open sky. I fell asleep to the murmur of the dance-song they were practising for the meeting with the Tormiat from the Great Sound.

Big Lake, which we reached late the next evening, appeared to be circular in outline and about ten miles in diameter. We camped near its southern end, where we found old camp-sites, although the lake itself was silent and deserted.

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## IN QUEST OF THE TORMIAT

Angmaloktok, the "Ever-Frozen," is one of the 133
largest lakes within the Colville Hills. Its minimum diameter is about four miles, and the ice that covers its surface seldom vanishes even in the warmest summers. We entered a bay at its northern end, and while the Eskimos lingered to fish, I climbed a neighbouring hill to examine the country-side. North, south, east, and west, as far as the eye could see, stretched a wilderness of frozen lakes and barren ridges. No tree, no mountain, nothing to arrest the gaze except the black, ant-like forms of men and dogs moving about in the bay below. The sun, floating in a cloudless sky, cast no shadow to relieve the desolate monotony. So depressing was the landscape that I descended the hill and, without waiting to fish, started the train in motion again.

Ikpuck, as usual, headed the procession across the 484
lake, and I followed him closely with my sled. One of 123
my dogs, lamed in a recent fight, ran free, but Parted-Hair, who was travelling behind me, hitched it to the sled on which his wife and step-son were riding. I halted until he came up to me, quietly released the dog, and continued on my way. Parted-Hair was annoyed. He thought he could safely defy me among his people, and seized the dog again; and again I set it free without a remark. Another mile we traversed in silence; then, for the third time, he hitched the dog to his sled and refused to let it go, even though Ikpuck himself

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484 shouted a remonstrance. Parted-Hair was the stronger
123 physically, but I held the winning card in this land where might is the only arbiter; he carried only a bow and arrows, while I had a rifle on my sled. I slung it over my shoulder, told Ikpuck to hold to his course, and waited for Parted-Hair and his sled. My action, of course, was sheer bluff; if nothing happened before he came up I intended no more than to cut the traces of all his dog-team. But to the natives, accustomed to the blood-feud, it meant certain death to my adversary, and they shouted a simultaneous warning. Parted-Hair liberated the dog in an instant, slunk to the back of his sled, and kept well in the rear of the caravan during the remainder of the march.

123 After we reached the Lake of Dancing that evening my companions held an indignation meeting outside my tent, and severely rebuked Parted-Hair for his arrogant behaviour. Presently his wife, pushing open the door, offered me a large trout; but I declined the peace-offering in order to magnify the gravity of his offence. She returned the next day with another trout, which I accepted, sending her away with the shoulder of a caribou I had just killed. This closed the incident. But Parted-Hair's attitude toward me changed; he became more respectful in his manner, and amply atoned for his previous conduct by many gratuitous services.

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Photo by K. G. Chipman.

It was a picturesque sight, this train of people and dogs stumbling over hill and lake.

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776 westward where I generally made my excursions,
123 trapped and destroyed the solitary hunter. In this very district, many years before, it had spirited away her first husband, who had vanished without leaving a trace. So when I, too, vanished for sixteen hours one day she became greatly alarmed, and entreated Ikpuck to lead a searching party. Willy-nilly, I had to join the fishermen and let my dogs go hungry.

226 The fish soon commenced to bite less freely in the surrounding lakes, and some of the men wandered far-
224 ther afield. Ikpuck then shot a caribou eight miles
361 away near the shore of Lake Ever-Frozen. Instead
484 of packing it home, he buried it in the snow and advised
[492] moving our camp to its vicinity. Every one welcomed his suggestion and prepared back-packs for the dogs, since the melting of the snow on the ridges rendered
[251] our sleds useless until autumn came round again. We concealed in stone cairns the dried fish we had accumulated, raised the empty sleds on stone pillars, and piled on top of them all the stone lamps and other articles too heavy or too bulky to carry around with us during the summer; then, packing on our backs the remainder of the equipment, we abandoned the Lake of Dancing and marched away to our new home.

484 It was a picturesque sight, this train of people and
482 dogs staggering over hill and lake under burdens almost equal in size and weight to themselves. The men carried the tents and weapons, the women the

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sleeping-gear, spare clothing, and cooking utensils, and the little children their own bedding and whatever else their strength permitted. With the packs lying horizontally across their backs they resembled from a distance dark crosses that crept over the snow, now strung out in irregular formation, now filing one behind another in single line, now clustering together with little movement as the train halted to rest. The dogs trailed behind the women and children, their packs, shaped like saddle-bags, beating against their ribs or grooving continuous furrows in the snow; but they, too, inherited the pioneering blood and adventurous spirit of their masters, and, in spite of their heavy burdens, curled their tails jauntily over their backs and cocked their ears at the alert.

Slowly we filed across Lake Ever-Frozen and deposited our loads on the shore of a deep inlet at its northern end. In a broad pool created by a stream that foamed down the hill-side a red-throated loon gaily dived and rose to the surface again. Ikpuck seized his fish-trident and raced over the ice to spear it; but just as he reached the margin of the pool the ice gave way, and plunged him in water to his waist. The loon flew up, and the mortified hunter returned to the bank to change his clothing. He had stripped off everything but his jacket—like a swallow-tail coat, it reached to his waist in front and hung down in a long tail behind—when a second loon settled in the same

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visible, but two hares started up beneath our feet and fled to the extreme edge of the snow-patch. They seemed to know that their coats had not yet changed to a summer brown, for they crouched there, half invisible, until we almost walked on top of them; then, flashing white on the dull clay, they sped across to the next snow-patch and again crouched motionless. But a hunter who lives by the chase feels no pity for his victims, and both animals, despite their pathetic ruses, soon dangled over The Runner's shoulder.

The sky clouded in the afternoon, and a fierce snow-storm broke in our faces, blotting everything from view. It was useless to keep on travelling, for a caribou might pass unseen within ten yards of us; it was equally useless to turn back and wander for hours vainly seeking the camp. We looked around for shelter. There was none; no cliff, not even a boulder. The Runner and I sat on the snow, shoulder to shoulder, backs to the wind; while Leaf, his wife, crouched in the angle between our outstretched legs. After a long half-hour the storm began to pass over. When I mentioned the change to my companions Leaf raised her head and smiled. The Runner did not hear; with folded arms and head drooping on his chest he was sleeping.

We circled back toward the tents after the gale abated, and in spite of the light fog that still hung over the landscape stumbled on two young bulls, both

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caribou. After two days' marching we set up the tents on the shore of a small lake and discussed our hunting program. Ikpuck and The Runner agreed to scour the land to the northward, where the hills sloped away toward Big Lake. I myself chose the higher land to the south-east, whence I could gain a wider view of the country and perhaps discover some rock-exposure that would indicate the geological formation. Leaf wanted to go with her husband, and Jennie insisted on sharing their fun. As for Icehouse, she was content to fish near camp with little Knife-Blade.

We went our several ways in the morning, but an hour after we separated a dense fog settled over the land. I turned back immediately, and by good luck gained the camp again. Some of the dogs were prowling among the tents, and Icehouse and Knife-Blade were fishing just below, but of Ikpuck and his party there was no sign. I sent Knife-Blade home to guard the camp and fished in the lake all day with Icehouse. From time to time the fog lifted for a few minutes, but closed in again as densely as before. Toward midnight, when the light faded a little, we returned to the tents, ate some dried fish, and tumbled into our sleeping-bags.

Icehouse became alarmed when the fog continued unchanged next day. She knew that the hunters were in no danger of starvation, for they all carried fishing-lines. Even if they were unable to cook their fish

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they were no worse off than ourselves, for the few dryads growing round our camp were too damp even to smoulder, and the semi-dried fish we ate for breakfast and supper were hard on the outside, but perfectly raw within. It was the exposure she dreaded, especially for her little daughter Jennie. She fretted about the child all through the morning, and several times I heard her cry to the fog, "Go away. No one wants you. You make us cold and uncomfortable;" just as white children call to the rain:

> "Rain, rain, go to Spain,
> Never show your face again."

Her anxiety increased toward evening, and she adopted sterner measures. She tied a cord around her face to distort her features, and with a set fox-trap in one hand and a knife in the other, defied the fog with threats and mocking laughter. Knife-Blade and myself, holding her arms, echoed her mockery. "You're a pesky nuisance," she cried, flinging the trap to the ground, where it sprang with a snap. She thrust the two weapons into my hands, distorted my face, and bade me intimidate the fog in the same way; and I repeated her cries, adding a few words of honest English for good measure. Then she re-entered her tent, rolled my jacket into a bundle, and summoned into it, one by one, all the offended spirits that had occasioned the untimely weather. Some were the

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shades of white men; I named them for her, Jack, Bob, Mary, Jane, and soothed them with fair words until they departed. Others, that were the shades of Eskimos, she herself propitiated in like manner, and banished with her knife a few that seemed loth to depart. At last her efforts succeeded; the jacket told her that the atmosphere would clear on the morrow, and, greatly relieved, she retired to her sleeping-bag to await the result.

An east wind sprang up in the morning and the fog lifted. "Look," she cried, issuing from the tent. "Yesterday we assailed the fog and it has vanished." Ikpuck and his party appeared about noon, weary, but otherwise none the worse for their experience. Thinking it useless to search for the camp until the weather cleared they had wandered about, fishing in different lakes, and huddling together at night on patches of bare ground. Ikpuck had shot a bull caribou that strayed near them, and they had satisfied their hunger with the marrow and back fat, seasoning them with raw fish.

The Runner now decided to move to a lake farther north where they had caught many fish during their late excursion; but Ikpuck wanted to continue eastward in search of more caribou. The former departed first. We watched his family disappear over the ridge, then packed up our own equipment and marched away. So our last link with the tribe was severed, and the dispersal of the band complete.

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593
462 her bag with dryads and bring her water from the lake. No eye but mine saw his undignified conduct, and I was one of the family.

224 Leaving Icehouse here at her fishing, Ikpuck and I went east to look for caribou. The succession of ridges and lakes continued unbroken, and by dropping our lines here and there through promising cracks in the ice we captured five trout. In the evening we sighted our first caribou, two bulls grazing in a meadow of green moss beside a distant lake. There was no cover within a thousand yards, but we stalked them patiently for several hours and at last managed to crawl near enough on hands and knees to drop both animals at the first volley. Then, piling the carcasses in a heap for Icehouse and Jennie to bring in later, we started back for camp fifteen or more miles away, packing only the skins and hind-quarters. I was very weary, for we had travelled twenty-four hours and eaten nothing; and once, as we rested on the brow of a hill, I fell
539 sound asleep. But Ikpuck gently wakened me, saying
[484] that our limbs would grow stiff if we lingered too long; and to beguile the march he related quaint stories of the Eskimo "long ago." Most of them were about birds and animals, and resembled Æsop's fables without the morals. Although I was too weary to pay much heed to them, one story concerning a giant remained in my memory.

"You remember Putulik," he said, "the island where

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limited to about a quarter of a mile, unless the wind carried them farther. The animals suffered almost as much as ourselves. Our dogs tried to burrow in the ground to protect their feet and noses, and a young bull caribou, blinded by the cloud of mosquitoes that swarmed around its head, trotted within fifty yards of me without noticing my presence.

The warm weather, too, enlarged the lanes of water round the margins of the lakes and increased the difficulty of crossing onto the ice. Ikpuck therefore decided to return to Lake Ever-Frozen, which, from its size, remained ice-bound all or most of the summer. We first packed the dried fish one stage ahead, then returned for the camping-gear, and, thus travelling, reached in four days the eastern end of the lake not far from our old camping-place. The other families in the band had gathered there already, reunited by the same problem of food supply that a few weeks earlier had caused their dispersal.

My two months of practical training should have rendered me a past master in the fishing technique of my companions, but at this lake they taught me a new device. The largest trout always lay deepest, but none of our lines would reach the bottom of the lake. Moreover a long line, if drawn up quickly hand over hand—or wrist over wrist, in true Eskimo fashion—invariably tangles. Ikpuck's method was to lower his line to the last inch, and, when a fish struck, to run back-

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into a paste with cold water it was more digestible than the half-raw fish on the drying-poles, and more palatable than saltless fish boiled over a smoky flame in a cupful of water. So for a week I ate nothing but pemmican. Gradually the dysentery lessened, my strength began to return, and, though the intolerable thirst continued, there was hope of a permanent recovery if in some way we could improve our diet.

I talked the matter over with Ikpuck. He could understand my dislike of raw fish, but not its effect on my health, unless, indeed, my guardian spirit had forbidden its consumption. Yet he would gladly do anything to aid my recovery. It was the end of July; the fur of the caribou was in its prime, and the fishing season nearing its close. He had intended to pass the remainder of the summer wandering in the hills to the north-east, where caribou were numerous but fuel scarce; however, seeing that I might eat nothing but cooked food, we could move southward toward the coast if I wished, and travel over plains amply clothed with heather and willow. We agreed to adopt this second plan and communicated the decision to our companions.

A snow-storm, not an unusual occurrence even in the height of summer, delayed our departure a few days; but as soon as the snow melted again we packed all our fish to the Lake of Dancing and cached it with our other possessions. Then we turned southward, away

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from the hills and their fishing-lakes to the plains nearer the coast. Once more a change in the season had altered the course of our wanderings and directed our energies into a new channel.

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summer the deep tanning of their skin masked its uncleanliness. It was easy to discover one reason for the peculiar atmosphere of an Eskimo throng. The odour was really a composite one, the smell of fur clothing mingling with the distinctively human odour that characterizes all races, but differs in each one. Neither Eskimo society nor our own ever discusses this topic, although Icehouse once confessed to me in private that her people had found the odour of the white man very disagreeable. However that may be, my bathing, being purely voluntary, certainly excited much interest, and when I stole away to the pool for the second bath, Ikpuck notified the whole party. Innocently devoid of clothes, I was disporting gaily in the water when the sound of voices made me look up. Men, women, and children lined the bank above me, intently watching the exhibition. None of them knew how to swim, or even that it was possible, and they gasped with admiration when I dived out of sight and reappeared a few yards away. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* Ikpuck, The Runner, and even the latter's wife stripped off their clothes immediately and joined me in the water, eager to receive a first lesson in the newly discovered art.

We were now so close to our caches on the coast that my companions decided to deposit there, before turning westward, the small quantity of dried fish they were carrying against emergencies. The visit enabled

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me to take from my own cache a little rice and pemmican, which, being more easily digested than boiled meat, would assist my return to health. The pemmican I carried on my back, but most of the rice I placed in the pack of my largest dog, who ruined it a few hours later by plunging headlong into a deep pool. During the two days immediately following we secured no game of any kind, so that I was driven to share the pemmican with my companions. Hungry as they were, I could hardly induce them to touch it, although they would have killed without compunction any fellow-countryman who attempted to hoard food when they were starving. I was different, they averred, and their ways were not my ways; deprived of my special food, I might be prostrated again by a return of my illness. Their children might eat a little, if I so desired, but as for themselves, they were accustomed to hunger, and would surely kill a caribou on the morrow, or, if not then, on the day following. In the end, however, they agreed to compromise, and divided up half my pemmican, leaving the other half for myself.

Our usual procedure at this time was to march from ten to fifteen miles, then to scatter out in search of game while the women pitched camp. Ikpuck, The Runner, and myself, going out together late one afternoon, discovered a large bull caribou grazing in the centre of an open plain where it would certainly detect us if we attempted to approach. In spite of this The

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ring its passage to the sea. To the north lay a broad, sandy plain, the bed of an ancient lake, and beyond, an isolated, rounded hill flanked by soft meadows that were certain to harbour caribou. We all forded the stream without mishap except Jennie, who had dropped behind when readjusting the packs of two dogs. I went back to look for her, while the others pushed on across the plain. The poor child was nearly a mile in the rear, still struggling cheerfully with the ill-balanced packs that persisted in slipping under the animals' bellies. I rearranged them for her, and we hurried on to overtake our companions; but a fierce sand-storm now swept the plain, and our progress was slow and painful, with frequent returnings to urge on the dogs. Dogs and storm combined delayed us so greatly that the hunters, tired of waiting for us at the hill, went on ahead to intercept a herd of caribou they had sighted, leaving little Knife-Blade to watch for me and request me to join them with all speed.

This hunt well illustrated the unity of an Eskimo band. Every individual, man, woman, and child, took part in it—except The Listener's wife, who, being old and feeble, remained to guard the packs; and both men and women contributed to the discussion that decided the tactics to be employed. At the foot of the hill stretched a lake three-quarters of a mile in diameter, and, beyond it, a wide, grassy plain where fifteen caribou were grazing. The plain rose in a gentle incline

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rate of progress, because this sustained effort involved a mental strain to which they were totally inaccustomed. We had travelled long and far for the days, and they needed an interval to recuperate. During those three days, too, they had suffered from hunger, for we had killed no game; and now they gorged themselves so freely that involuntarily I thought of Icehouse's reproach to the dogs, "They have no bottoms to their stomachs." The human body is remarkably plastic; through generation after generation these Eskimos had developed something of the nature of the camel, being capable of taking in a few hours sufficient nourishment to compensate for one period of scarcity and to carry them over another.

During these days of idleness they indulged in various pastimes. They set up a clod of turf about a foot square, and, standing back forty paces, shot at it with their bows. Only about one arrow in twenty hit the target, so that either their marksmanship was poor or their bows very inferior. Since they had all practised archery from childhood, and two of them, Ikpuck and The Runner, were noted hunters, the fault evidently lay in their bows. These belonged to the type technically known as "composite," like the well-known Tartar bows. The framework was of three pieces of wood rudely jointed together, two ends or horns curving backward and a middle piece. All the back of the wood was covered with a narrow band

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of sealskin, over which was lashed a pair of stout cords of twisted sinew. It was the sinew that gave the weapon its spring, for the frame was merely drift-wood picked up on the beach, or spruce of the poorest quality. Such crude materials, added to crude workmanship, made the balance very uneven, so that although the maximum range of the weapon was about one hundred and twenty-five yards, its effective range hardly exceeded twenty-five. Indeed, I have seen The Listener miss a caribou that passed not more than fifteen yards away.

While the adults amused themselves at archery beside the camp the children played their own games on the slope above. They set up fences of turf to enclose fictitious caribou, and dug shallow pits from which to shoot their arrows; or they marked out a line of snow-huts with pebbles, and filled the dance-house with imaginary singers. Thus the occupations of the parents were the pastimes of the children, who learned in play their duties of after years.

Twenty-five miles west of the sand-plain, at Bad Creek, we left The Listener's wife to dry our stock of meat, promising to rejoin her before many days; with lightened packs we then pushed on toward Mt. Arrow-smith, camping near a crag of diabase twelve feet high that formed a landmark visible for many miles. Here we encountered a violent snow-storm that continued unabated for two days. We spent the first in our sleep-

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ing-bags, singing in chorus between intervals of sleep, or mocking each other's voices. Our gaiety infected even the dignified Ikpuck, who improvised a comic song about my adventure with the wolf on the Coppermine River. No hardship could quench the cheerfulness of my companions. When morning dawned, and, breakfastless, we struggled ahead in the teeth of the gale, they launched many a jest at Icehouse, who, ill-prepared for such inclement weather, had enveloped her portly figure in a sleeping-robe, and waddled along with the rolling gait of a bear.

The snow melted slowly, for the brief summer was drawing to its close. The last of the flowers lay withered, butterflies and moths had vanished, and even the mosquitoes had ceased their endless buzzing. The days were shortening rapidly; darkness covered the land for three hours around midnight, and on still evenings ice was forming on the ponds and lakes. It was time to retrace our steps to our caches, take down the sleds, and seek out warmer clothing. But, before turning back, we could make one brief dash to the northward and try our fortunes in the hills behind Cape Baring.

Two days later, in the unmelted snow on the slope of a ridge, we came upon the fresh tracks of two polar bears. Here was game worth the hunting. We dropped our packs on the ridge-top in charge of Ice-

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bones. More embarrassing still, Icehouse insisted on frying me the liver in back fat, as I had often done for myself; only instead of pounding the fat between two stones before she placed it in the pan, she made quite sure that it would melt by chewing it!

During our march south, Ikpuck and The Runner visited the coast to search for driftwood, returning with a fine plank that had probably washed overboard from some vessel. So unusual a prize led to considerable discussion. At first they proposed to convert it into two sled-runners, since it required less shaping than the rude logs they generally trimmed down for that purpose; but as both their sleds were in good condition they finally decided to make fish-spears, and Ikpuck split the plank carefully from end to end by means of small wedges of antler driven home with a heavy stone. He then split each section, obtaining four stout poles which he planed and smoothed with his hunting-knife. The care he expended on the task, and his manifest joy at its successful completion, made me realize the handicap under which these people laboured through the scarcity of wood in their country. If I may compare his fish-spears with a product of our own civilization, each pole had the value of a first-class magazine rifle.

All was well in our old camp at Bad Creek, where The Listener's wife had stayed to dry our meat; if anxiety or loneliness had troubled her during her nine days'

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222 415 [137] women and children gathered large quantities of these seeds, stuffing them into small bags of the strangest varieties and materials. Some were worn-out stockings of squirrel or caribou fur; two were made from the membranes that had lined the hearts of our polar bears; but the most curious of all were bottle-shaped pouches sewn from the webbed feet of red-throated loons. Whatever their shape, all alike found their way into the dog-packs, where they added one more item to our varied impedimenta.

484 Our loads had increased considerably since those early days in August when, leaving the hills, we had [231] commenced this ceaseless quest of caribou. Icehouse, it is true, had no longer two small puppies tearing at the back of her hair while ostensibly nestling in the hood of her jacket; they were sturdy urchins now, able to keep pace with the other dogs and to steal the meat [251] from our packs. But in addition to her usual burden [482] she carried fifteen pounds of tallow, her share of the caribou back fat that the women had boiled down for [482] ease of transport. Each man had several green caribou hides rolled round his pack, and Ikpuck and The Runner bore the two bear skins, which alone weighed [126] upward of fifty pounds. My own pack was unchanged save for two extra caribou hides, and an increase in the thickness of my herbarium from two inches to six.

775 Late one afternoon, as we skirted the edge of a lake, we came to an old camping-site where a woman's knife,

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136 gather earlier, and wander near the coast until the freezing of the strait opened up a road to the main-
• 484 land. Should we wait and intercept them, or travel north into the hills and resume our interrupted fishing? My party chose the former course, and established itself near the mouth of a large creek twelve miles west of Dryad Harbour. But Ikpuck, Icehouse, little Knife-Blade, and myself moved eastward a few miles and settled down nearer our caches.

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matter. He pretended to be sound asleep when she stole in, and the camp relapsed into silence, except that now and then a low sob issued from the tent of The Chatterbox, who had disciplined his wife by tearing her coat from top to bottom. Icehouse was unusually quiet in the morning, and our visitors departed abruptly for the hills. So once more our tent stood solitary.

In order to protect ourselves more effectively from the weather we moved into the sealskin cooking-tent, built a low rampart of turf around its base, and covered the roof with caribou hides. The small lamp that Icehouse had discovered on a grave kept our new quarters comparatively snug, and its pale, warm glow streaming through the half-open door guided us home in the darkness from our weary hunts. The weather was stormier now, the nights much longer; in a few more weeks the sun would set for its midwinter sleep. This shortness of the daylight restricted our excursions, so that we added no more than two caribou to the total we had laid aside in our caches. Sometimes we did not go hunting at all, but kept watch in turn from the look-out post and scraped caribou hides inside the tent. Icehouse made herself a pair of trousers from a skin that I scraped, and, rising at 2 A.M. a morning or two afterward, made a similar garment for me by the light of her blubber-lamp. So the days passed monotonously. At last Ikpuck decided that it

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was useless to stay any longer. We packed all the skins to his cache on the coast, recovered the sled that he had abandoned there in the spring, and set out for the Lake of Dancing.

At our first halting-place in the hills we found a deep snow-drift firm enough to make the perpendicular walls of a hut, but not to form its roof. By digging out and building up we contrived a circular enclosure five feet high at the floor level and six feet in diameter, exactly the size that we could cover with our summer cloth tent; and we extended its front with the sealskin tent to give Icehouse more space for cooking. Our heads almost touched the roof as we sat on the sleeping-platform, eating our supper; but the hut was so warm and cosy after the drafty tent we had occupied that we turned into our beds with every anticipation of a comfortable night. Outside the snow fell heavily, and the big soft flakes massing deeper and deeper on the roof sagged in the canvas and crushed down the walls. A feeling of oppression roused me during the early hours of the morning, and I tried to sit up, but my head came into violent contact with the ceiling before my shoulders left the bed. The shout I gave awakened the whole family; for a moment no one comprehended what had happened to us. Then Ikpuck and I, heaving together, lifted the roof a few inches, crawled off the platform, and lit the lamp. Little Knife-Blade followed us without difficulty, but the well-

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Christianity with its emphasis on the value of the individual soul has failed to eradicate it entirely in civilized countries. The Eskimos knew nothing of obstetrics or "child welfare," nothing of any branch of medicine; and the mother received little consideration, according to our standards, before and after her child was born. Instead of resting quietly at home, relieved of her heaviest duties and concentrating on the care of her babe, she performed all her usual tasks up to the moment of parturition, and resumed them within a few hours of delivery. Until the child gained strength to walk alone she carried it everywhere on her back, from morning till night, except when a brief respite from work permitted her to lay it among the bed-skins and personally watch over its safety; the ravenous dogs would make short shrift of an infant left unguarded within the hut or tent. On long winter marches she sometimes wrapped it in warm caribou robes and lashed it on top of the sled; but in summer it rode on her back-pack, which was not lightened in any way to compensate for the additional load. Then there was its food. Cow's milk and cereals did not exist for these Eskimos, and no babe could survive on fish and flesh, the only foods the country yielded. When the child began to walk it might swallow a morsel or two of seal or caribou meat well masticated by the parents, but for three years and even longer

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123
437 Musk-ox land and restore him without delay, whole in
593 body and untouched in heart. "Men are so foolish with women," she added, noting his tolerant smile.

261 Four of us, then, The Runner, Girling, Patsy, and
123 myself, piled our belongings upon a sled and turned
[484] our faces eastward. Close to Locker Point, we reached a village of the Coppermine River natives, where signs
[226] of starvation confronted us on every side. The women, sheltered behind low walls of snow, were fishing for tom-cod to replace the seals their husbands could not catch; the lamps burned low in many of the huts, or were extinguished from lack of oil; and the hungry children gathered round our tent to beg for food. During the two days we stayed in their village we invited as many as we could to share our meals; but when they uncovered our sled in the darkness, broke into a box of hard biscuits, and emptied twenty-five pounds of rice into their mittens, we brushed the snow of their settlement from our shoes and resumed the interrupted march.

361 Our next stopping-place was a small settlement near the mouth of Tree River, a hundred miles farther east.
574 The inhabitants turned out as usual to greet us, and
[622] after the first salutations, an elderly man, who appeared to be the leader of the band, invited us to enter his hut.
225 There his daughter, a young woman about twenty years
831 of age, was skilfully flensing a freshly killed seal. Her greasy clothes, dishevelled hair, gory arms, and